

we must hold a congress and take measures for the proper fortification and defence of "Men's Rights." Have men no privileges? One would imagine so from the ease and carelessness with which they allow the waves of "woman's rights" to swamp them. Be warned! this question has not yet reached its climax;—presently they will dock us of our cigars, our meerschaums, our social meetings, and everything that tends to make our present down-fallen position at all bearable. No mercy will be shown you—the black petticoat will be mounted on the banner pole, and, alas! "ye hapless sons of clay," where will ye be?—at the feet of a victorious conqueror, and obliged to submit to the most humiliating terms! Do you need a leader? I will lead you. Do you need a banner? What can be more appropriate than your torn coat, which your wife's elevated position by nature and right will not allow her to mend. Think of your buttonless shirts, undarned stockings—your cold coffee, hard boiled eggs, heavy bread, and cheerless home—arise, and victory is ours! One thousand years after this date, let it be chronologically recorded thus:—"1866-7.—About this time female demagogues having by their artful speeches misled the wives of the world into the belief that they were not allowed their birthright, a great furore was made and great trouble was caused by the so-called "Woman's Rights." But, happily for succeeding generations, a man was found to combat the evil, and by his judicious leadership to exterminate it entirely. Need we record the name of this individual?—'twas the illustrious PETERKIN PODGER, (my name—printer put it in big type!) whose birth of rich but intelligent parents—whose heroic life and noble death: are they not recorded in the records of the doings of the wise men in all ages of the world?" But stop! I have it! Eureka—a plan for the demolition of Scraggyskin. They are helped who help themselves. If I succeed I will attach a postscript to this document, if not it shall be printed as it is, to expose my sufferings to the gaze of a heartless world. I must away. Would it were the old times when I could shout to my vassals, Demonio! my broadsword: Catstailo! my hauberk, &c.; ad infinitum, but it isn't—so I start out on my errand, quietly, calmly and deliberately. No one to scan my expressive countenance would ever read my blood-thirsty heart. I go for vengeance! vengeance! vengeance! Laugh ye fiends! and smile yeimps! I go! I go! Adieu for the present—I am gone!

One week later:—As I promised to add a postscript is case of success, I am now forced to fulfil my undertaking. Victory crowned my humble efforts. The reign of Scraggyskin is over—she has departed, and Podger is triumphant. The idea that struck me so suddenly in my written confession above was no less than this, that SCRAGGYSKIN WAS A MAN! My reason for this thought would be difficult to tell; however, it might be imagined I drew it from the too affectionate manner in which she im-

planted the "kiss of peace" on all her female subjects on greeting them. My method of proceeding was very simple: I took an opportunity during her absence of forcing her room door, and, upon perusing her multifarious correspondence, I was fully sustained in my idea. I also learned her real name; it was Sampson Sharptrick, the escaped convict. I fastened the door again as well as I could, and calmly waited the denouement. Scraggyskin came home to tea—my wife was with her, both were in great spirits: some new converts had been made. I was all smiles and complaisance.—After a period tea was served and eaten; a ring at the bell and the evening paper arrived; I took it up and commenced to read aloud, (purely from imagination,)—"We are very sorry to learn that a heartless hoax has been practised upon the liege subjects of our city. From positive information received we are able to aver and prove that Miss Penelope Scraggyskin, now exciting much public attention as an agitator of woman's rights, is no other than the notorious Sam Sharptrick, whose escape in female costume from the States Prison of the State of Ohio was recorded in the American papers some months ago." I paused—Scraggyskin, or Sharptrick as I shall now call him, was making for the door. I intercepted him, "Not so fast!" said I, putting myself in the most approved pugilistic attitude—"no, Mr. Sharptrick, I will not let you go till I have given you one lesson you will most probably remember. Curse on, you gallows-bird! I will make mince-meat of you!" To my utter dismay the coward sank on his knees and whined "Pardon." I forcibly raised him to his feet: informed that, owing to my sedentary habits, I stood in great need of stirring physical exercise, and, grasping him by the neck of his dress, commenced vigorously kicking him around my apartments. He proved himself to be a thorough "Non Resistant," so, after a season of this delightful amusement, I concluded by opening the door and expediting his progress into the street, telling him his traps should be sent to any address he named. He has not sent for them, so I am going to sell them for his board. Farewell, Oh! Scraggyskin! Sudden was thy rise—sudden thy fall! I returned to the room, and found my wife greatly agitated; thought it prudent to say nothing to her at that time, so commenced to whistle as if nothing had happened, and went out for a stroll. Next day wife acknowledged the corn, and things have reverted to their rightful course. She is loving as before; meets me in the hall—kisses—slippers—cosy fire, &c. But she is sore on the subject, so I alter the clause in the History of England to suit her case—you remember it:—"And all Spain, except the Province of Catalonia, returned to their allegiance to Philip their sovereign." As revised it reads: "and all Abigail, except the department of Wounded Pride returned to their allegiance to Podger their sovereign." Three groans for Woman's Rights! *Exeunt Omnes.*